

VERMONT PHOENIX.

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BY G. W. NICHOLS & W. E. RYHER.
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All kinds of JOB PRINTING neatly executed
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For the Vermont Phoenix.

Editors.—I noticed in your paper of
the 12th, under the head of 'local news,'
the following: "Courtship and sleigh-rides laid
aside for the season." This I fear caused many
a poor bachelor a sleepless night. You
will recollect that during 'leap year' the ladies
enjoy the special privilege of making love unto
gentlemen; and many a diffident bachelor,
who myself had been impatiently waiting for
the time when it would be proper for the ladies
to commence the courtship. The time has at
last arrived, and many of the fraternity have
been satisfactorily disposed of; but the remain-
ing few (and we are still numerous) are
left 'chop-fallen.' Some on the dark side
of the moon, have entered the 'blissful state';
others were daily expecting an offer, until the
time came that courtship was laid aside for
the season. Then they all tore off their wigs,
and horror! what looking pates! But I will
not expose them, for fear it may reach the ears
of the fair. We look for better times when
snow goes off. Ladies, just 'pop the ques-
tion'—you will find us 'on hand.'

A BACHELOR.

From the Family Magazine.

A FAMILY SCENE.

"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

I happened not long since, to call at a
neighbor's for the purpose of friendly
conversation; when on a sudden, half-a-dozen
boys and girls pushed into the room, and
with a boisterous sound of words and loud
laughter, confused and almost drowned our
conversation. The father reddened with
resentment, and said, in a soft tone,
"Don't my children, be noisy." He might
well have been silent; for they had been
long acquainted with his irresolute and
inattentive government, to pay the least atten-
tion to what was said. They continued their
noise until one of them, drew off his hat, and
threw it on the floor. His father was
reluctant. Presently he bowed out,
"Father, you don't tell that story right."
"But you don't know, my son, it is not
good manners to interrupt your father, when
he is speaking." "But I will, father, you don't
tell the story as I heard it." His father was
furious, and his son went on with his story;
the old man was as tame as a whipped
dog, till it was finished. He then said,
"Come, my son, come, my son, fetch some
tea and put it on the fire." "Can't; let
Sam go; great, lazy lot, he hasn't done no-
thing to-day." "Yes, I have done more than
you have; you may go, father told you
so." "Don't say so, Sammy; come, John,
you are father's best boy; run and bring
some wood." "Yes, I am always the best
boy when there is anything to do; have to
do every thing under the sun; great lazy
boy says in the house, and can't do any
thing; let her go."—In the end, the father
went and got it himself. In his absence, as
the son was sitting down in his chair, another
pulled the chair away, and let him fall to
the floor. He scrambled up in a rage, and
fell upon his brother with his fist and teeth.
The son began to cry, "Father, John is biting
and striking me." "Sue has got a pin, and
pricked me," screamed another. "He pinched
me first," said Sue. "Give me my thing
back," bawled the fifth. "I won't, it's not
mine; it's mine; you said I might have it."
"Leave my son, do give it to him." "I
won't." And away it went into the fire.

Dinner was soon ready, and another scene
of irregularities opened. The children
scrambled and huddled round the table, like
so many hungry dogs. Each began to help
himself before the duties of the table were
attended to. They cut and slashed, crowded
and differed, till the pie was brought to the
table; when one called out with authority,
"Mother, give me a great piece." "Sam,"
said another, "has got a piece as big again
as I have," and away went his to the floor.
"O my dear," said the mother, "that's naugh-
ty; should not do so. Don't cry, my dear,
and I will give you a great piece. I believe,"
said the mother, "the children always act
worse when we have company than at any
other time. They act worse than I ever
knew them."

The way they do things in Illinois.—We
are indebted to the Rev. Dr. Ely of Phila-
delphia, for the following humorous anec-
dote—true or false. The doctor is made to
say, that a brother in the ministry travelling
in Illinois informed him that on putting up
for the night, the good lady of the house
baked her bread in a common baking pan;
steamed some pork in the same vessel;
steered some of the fat with a tea cup, on the
inner side of which she put a rag to make a
lamp by which they might sit to eat supper;
and then the traveller's horse ate his mess of
corn out of the same omnibus of cookery!
We have heard of rockers being affixed to
bread-trays and alternately used for knead-
ing of bread and a cradle, and a lady's using
the same article for a sheet that she did for
a table cloth—but the ingenuity of the lady
of Illinois greatly outspies the Yankee la-
dies for expedients.—*Roland Herald.*

From the Union Village Christian Palladium.

CONFESSION OF J. CRAMP.

The following affecting document was fur-
nished us, by the politeness of Capt. C. T.
Whitney, of West Mendon, N. Y. to whom
we acknowledge ourselves highly indebted.

The following is Capt. Whitney's note to
us. We admire the firmness, candor, and
composure with which Mr. Cramp writes,
under such awful circumstances. This is a
heavy blow to Infidelity.

WEST MENDON, N. Y. Jan. 23, 1836.

ELDER J. BADGER—Dear Sir: James
Cramp was one of the unfortunate victims
that was shot by the Mexican corps on the
14th of December last, which you have
probably seen in the public prints. He was
a resident of our village the last three years.

He left this place in the spring of 1833, for
New York; from there he shipped to Tex-
as. He was very much respected, and ranked
among the first in our village for talent.
His death and renunciation of infidelity was
a heavy blow to his former associates. But
little else was talked about for several days
after his letter was received. Should you
think this letter worthy of a place in the
Palladium, you will oblige many of your
readers by inserting it.

Respectfully Yours,
C. T. WHITNEY.

Mr. James Cramp's letter to his friends at
West Mendon, N. Y.

"TAMPOCO PRISON, Dec. 14, 1835.

DEAR FRIENDS—I shall not relate the
disastrous circumstances which have placed
me here, a prisoner under sentence of death;
that will reach you by another channel. I
have only five or six hours to live, and it is
my intention to devote a part of that time to
expiate, as far as I am now able, the crime
which I committed, intending, by my miscel-
laneous philosophy, to lead you astray from
the paths of religion. I have been at length
overtaken, and found that infidelity was but
a weak support in the hour of trial. I, the
scorner, the ridiculer of Christ's mercies,
have found, that unaided by Him, death
wears a very gloomy aspect to me cut off in
the prime of life, and my only consolation,
the thought that I shall sleep in death and
mingle with the clay of the brute.

I must relate the progress of my philo-
sophical opinions, and if I mistake not, they
are similar to those of most philosophers of
the same school. The first step taken, was
to throw off, by degrees, the injunctions of
the Bible—and at length, finding how far I
had gone, to retrace my steps, seemed a diffi-
cult and unpleasant task, and to elude this
step set about endeavoring to justify myself,
and finding that the word of God condemned
me, I was induced to doubt its truth.

From doubting I was urged to dispute, and
and from disputing to denying, until the
pride, without the truth of philosophy taking
possession of me, I valued myself upon the
skill with which I could brow-beat Chris-
tianity, and cause a laugh against religion.
You, my friends, were hurrying down the
vortex of ruin with me.—But pause! think
where you stand, and may the Almighty
arrest your dangerous career before you
shall have arrived so near the verge of eter-
nity, that a few hours shall have to do the
work of conversion, or seal your doom for-
ever.

I had not the assistance of any one to
point out my circumstances; but taking up
the Bible, was going to lay it down again,
when the passage of Christ's pardoning the
thief upon the cross, met my sight. I was
induced by this to reflect, that even I might
not be past the bounds of forgiveness. 'This
idea led me on to a train of reflections, and
the result of which was, that I again addressed
a God and a Savior, so long uncalled upon,
and I have found relief.

It is my dying position that you would
give this to the clergymen of the place, and
request them to read it in their churches, as
this is the only method which is left me to
this in some measure, for the injuries which
I have committed upon their members.

Adieu! it is past midnight, and I am to
be shot at 7 o'clock. Let this have the ef-
fect of directing your attention to things spiri-
tual as well as temporal, that when death
comes, it will find you prepared.

From your unfortunate friend,
JAMES CRAMP.

THE TENOR OF THE GOSPEL OF PEACE.

I.—The way to Heaven is revealed in
four words—"Acquaint thyself with God."

II.—The guide to that way in three—
"Search the Scriptures."

III.—The privilege afforded in that way,
in four—"Call upon thy God."

IV.—The spirit of this divine doctrine is
three—"Faith, hope, charity."

V.—The essence of it is comprised in six,
—"Love to God, love to Man."

VI.—The mode of our salvation in six,
—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ."

VII.—The means of obtaining it in eight
—"Repentance toward God, faith in his dear
Son."

VIII.—The duty enjoined thereby in three
—"Follow after Righteousness."

IX.—The result of our doing so, in six—
—"Peace which the world cannot give."

X.—The issue of that result, in two—
—"ETERNAL LIFE!"

LOVE OF MARRIED LIFE.—The affection
that links together man and wife is a far
holier and more enduring passion than the
enthusiasm of young love. It may want its
gorgeousness—it may want its imaginative
character, but it is far richer in holy and
trusting attributes. Talk not to us of the ab-
sence of love in wedlock! What! because
a man has ceased to "sigh like a furnace,"
are we to believe that the fire is extinct?
No; it burns with a steady and brilliant
flame; shedding a million times more precious
and delightful than the cold dreams of philo-
sophy.—*Constitutional Magazine.*

From the Cleveland Whig.

During our residence in the city of New

York, 1827 or '28, the city was one morn-
ing thrown into agitation and mourning, by
the report that young Graham had fallen in
a duel. Charles Graham was a young man
of splendid talents. His short career had
been somewhat remarkable. His widowed
mother was the keeper of a well known
hotel—the Pearl Street House—now called
the Ohio House. While yet quite young,
Charles was guilty of a depredation, we be-
lieve, on the property of one of his mother's
boarders. Being detected, he fled to Eu-
rope, where at school, his progress was
rapid—fine talents were developed—and he
had the good fortune to gain the favor of a
nobleman, who after his education was com-
pleted brought him into notice—and he be-
came the editor, or at least the stated writer
for one of the popular English periodicals.
We write from memory, and have forgotten
the name of his patron, and the paper with
which he was connected.

Graham returned to New York, about
the year 1826 or 27, an accomplished schol-
ar, and a perfect gentleman. He soon after
became associated with Noah, as editor of
the New York Enquirer; and during his
connection with it, the paper became prover-
bial for its keen satire, its sparkling wit—
and especially for its ability in relation to
the affairs of foreign countries. No small
portion of the reputation which Noah ac-
quired, as a man of great and diversified tal-
ents, belonged to Graham—a fact which
Noah frankly acknowledged on the death of
his associate.

The crime for which Graham had fled
his country, if not forgotten, was forgiven;
it was regarded as the indiscretion of a
youth that had been led into temptation,
rather than the indication of a corrupt heart,
or abandoned character. Nevertheless, the
remembrance of it was said to have embittered
his own existence, and at times so
preyed upon his spirits, as to force him, for
a period, from the society of which he was
the life and ornament.

At a party, one evening, Graham quar-
relled with a companion, and the next morn-
ing was brought from Hoboken a corpse!
Graham's acquaintances, and personal friends
were innumerable; and a deep feeling of
regret for his fate, and indignation towards
his slayer, pervaded the city. For the time
being, at least, the man that slew his fellow
man, though in a duel, was regarded as a
murderer. But he fled—a fugitive from
justice; and the ministers of the law returned
from a fruitless pursuit of the man who
had incurred his highest penalties. The dis-
consolate mother soon followed her son to
the grave.

The circumstances we have briefly re-
lated, have been brought to our recollection,
by recent events, connected with the affairs
of our country, which it is a shame to re-
peat—which every man who has a sense
of moral rectitude, blushes to think upon.
The murderer of Graham—the fugitive
from justice in 1827, has recently filled a
larger space, perhaps, in the eyes of this
nation, and Europe, and the whole civilized
world, than any other man. He was no
other than BARTON, our late Charge des
Affaires at Paris.

John Quincy Adams.—A correspondent of
the N. Y. Journal of Commerce thus ac-
counts for Mr. Adams' recent attack upon
Mr. Webster:

Mr. Adams' "secret griefs," which have
actuated his public course since last Febru-
ary are well understood, and, towards the
close of the last session, were topics of con-
versation here and elsewhere. In the first
place, he was enraged at the nomination of
Mr. Webster for the Presidency, instead of
himself, by the legislature of Massachusetts.
When the election of Senator took place in
the same body, he was stung by the intelli-
gence that Mr. Davis was chosen on the part
of the House. He at once exhibited his
chagrin, and made a thundering war speech
by way of revenge. The next mail how-
ever, brought the news that he had been cho-
sen on the part of the Senate. He again al-
tered his course and took an early occasion
to explain and retract all he had said. In
his first speech he railed at the Senate for
dodging the question, and in the next ex-
plained that he wished the House to follow
their example, and also to "dodge the ques-
tion." This war speech arrived in Boston
just in time to disconcert his friends there,
and to decide the choice of Senator in favor
of Mr. Davis. His motive, since that time,
has been made evident upon every occasion.
Let the letters which he then wrote to per-
sons in Boston denouncing Mr. Webster,
Mr. Davis, and Mr. Everett, show what
were his feelings and motive of action. He
came here, this session, determined to seek
revenge, by abusing and vilifying the lead-
ers of the "treacherous party," who had
wisely withdrawn from him their confidence
and support.

SINGULAR CASE.—The following singu-
lar case has occurred on board the Brown-
field, a vessel belonging to this place, trad-
ing hence from Faro to London, with fruit.
The crew had been taking water, and had
just filled the casks, when one of the boys,
being thirsty, applied his mouth to the bung-
hole of one of them and drank freely. In
a short time the lad commenced bleeding
profusely from the mouth. He then told the
Captain that he felt something in his throat,
and was immediately taken on shore for me-
dical assistance, when it was discovered that
he had swallowed a large horse-leech, which
had fastened itself deeply down in the throat.
A quantity of salt was administered, with an
endeavor to dislodge the leech, but without
effect. Pepper and various other things
were also tried, but to no purpose, the crea-
ture still kept its hold, swelling and blowing

till the boy was almost suffocated. In this
fearful state the boy continued till the follow-
ing morning, when he was again taken to
the doctor, who on this occasion tried a quan-
tity of Scotch snuff. The excitement it pro-
duced caused the little monster to leave its
hold, and was thrown up. It was three
times the size of a common leech. The
boy is now doing well, but is excessively
weak from the loss of blood.—*Greenwich Gaz.*

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

February 10, 1836.

Messrs. Gales & Seaton: I perceive, in
the Daily Intelligencer of this morning, a
statement of the yeas and nays on the resolu-
tions of Mr. Pinckney in relation to the
subject of slavery. I was, unavoidably, ab-
sent from the House on Monday. Had I
been present, I should have voted *ay* on the
first clause of the resolution, fully believing
that the whole subject ought to be referred
to a committee. On the second clause,
which affirms that "Congress possesses no
constitutional power to interfere with slavery
in the States," I should have also voted *ay*.
On the third clause, which declares that
"Congress ought not to interfere in any way
with slavery in the District of Columbia,"
I should have voted *no*, for this, among other
reasons: that I believe Congress ought
to interfere with the slave trade in the Dis-
trict. The last clause which directs the
committee to assign reasons why Congress
ought not to interfere with slavery in the
States or in the District, would have pre-
sented some difficulties especially as all the
other parts of the resolution had been adopted,
when the vote was taken on it. I should,
however have placed my name among those
of the six gentlemen who voted *no*, on the
ground that the appointment of counsel by
the House to argue one side of a ques-
tion submitted to their consideration, with-
out power to investigate the other, is not
well sustained by precedent and but poorly
calculated to give weight and character to
the argument they might produce.

You will oblige me, gentlemen, by in-
serting this in your to-morrow's paper.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
HILAND HALL.

Of 125 convicts in the State Prison of
Vermont, there were 30 who had intem-
perate parents, and 73 who were of intem-
perate habits when they came to prison. All
except five of these 73, acknowledge that
intemperance influenced them to commit the
crimes for which they were imprisoned.

Of 200 convicts in the Connecticut prison,
more than three-fourths have been intem-
perate; 88 out of the 200 committed the crimes
for which they were convicted, while under
the influence of intoxicating liquor, and
nearly every crime involving an act of per-
sonal violence, was committed under the
same influence. No temperate and industri-
ous farmer, mechanic or owner of real es-
tate was found among the 200.

Of 747 convicts in the Auburn prison, on
the first of August last, or computed since
that time, there were excessively intem-
perate, 287

Moderately intemperate, 274

Intemperate, 561

Temperate Drunkards, 177

Total abstemious, 9

Intoxicated when they committed crimes, 448

Had intemperate parents or guardians, 283

Report of the Prison Dis. Society.

DROUGHT IN CHINA.—Accounts from
Canton to the 12th of May state that a great
drought had prevailed for a long time, and
that the prayers of the priests for rain were
ineffectual, to their own great surprise and
that of their votaries. The following is an
extract from a letter, dated

April 28th. The Kwang-chow foo has
built a rain-supplication altar in his public
court, and a Buddhist priest ascended it to-
day, reciting the books of his sect, praying
for rain. He appears about 40 years old,
of a dark complexion. He is to continue
worshipping and praying for three days,
when rain must certainly fall!—Whilst he
is chanting his prayers, there are a number
of men on each side, beating drums and
gongs. On the altar is placed a table, on
which are laid out a number of fragrant can-
dles and some clear water. On one side of
the table a staff is placed upright. The altar
is without any covering to shade his
head; and the priest has been exposed the
whole day to the heat of the sun, which has
been scorching, yet no signs of perspiration
have been observed either on his body or on
his face. A great crowd has been gazing
at him. It is said that he has not tasted
food, and that the heat has increased since
he has been at the altar.

30th.—The inefficacy of the prayers of
the Buddhist priest still continues to excite
the ridicule of the people, which has been
exhibited in various lampoons, reflecting on
the Government officers.

That knowledge is advanced by an in-
tercourse of sentiments, and an exchange
of observations, and that the bosom is dis-
burdened, by a communication of its cares, is
too well known for proof or illustration.
In solitude, perplexity swells into distraction,
and grief settles into melancholy; even the
satisfactions and pleasures that may by
chance be found, are imperfectly enjoyed,
when they are enjoyed without participation.

Dr. Johnson.

AN EXPENSIVE LOVER.—The Prince de
Conti exacted the present of a ring from
every female he honored with his love. At
his death these rings amounted to several
thousands. He had also two thousand snuff
boxes.

There are some vices which carry a sword
in their hand, and cut a man off before his
time.—*JEREMY TATTON.*

Debates in Congress.

MR. WISE'S SPEECH

ON THE FORTIFICATION BILL.—Continued.

After the yeas and nays on the motion to
adjourn, we received another message from
the Senate, by Mr. Lowrie:

"Mr. Speaker: I am directed to inform the
House of Representatives that the Senate has
finished the legislative business before it,
and is ready to adjourn."

Now, sir, no man will accuse me of being
the advocate or the apologist of the Senate.
But "give the d—l his due." Let the truth
be told, acquit whom it may, injure whom
it may. The message can be considered in
no other light than another respectful in-
timation to the House to act on the fortifica-
tion bill. So I considered it at the time.—
The Senate could not, with propriety, have
renewed the first message, without seeming
to arrogate the prerogative of dictating to the
House, or without seeming to be guilty of
the insolence which was charged upon the
first message by the gentleman from Massa-
chusetts (Mr. Adams). They therefore said,
"The Senate has finished the legislative busi-
ness before it." And was this not the
fact? Was the fortification bill there? No
sir! it was here, in this House, and here
unacted on! Yes, sir, notwithstanding this
bill was still unacted on in the House, Mr.
F. O. J. Smith, (of Maine) one of the "faith-
ful," offered a resolution, "that a committee
be appointed to wait on the President, and to
notify him that, unless he may have further
communication to make, the two Houses
of Congress, having completed the business
before them, are ready to close the present
session." Although this was admitting that
the session had not closed, yet, was it true
that both Houses had completed the business
before them? Had the House of Representa-
tives acted on and completed the fortifica-
tion bill which was before it? It had not.
The Senate had completed its business; the
House had not.

The House again proceeded to take up the
Letcher resolution. There was no quorum
answering, though one present. Mr. Smith
then moved a message to notify the Senate
that the House "had completed the business
before it," whilst the fortification bill was
still unacted on, and after the two messages
from the Senate directing our attention to it.
Pending this motion and call of the House,
Mr. Mason moved to adjourn, because the
Senate had adjourned, and his motion passed
in the affirmative, without even the usual in-
terchange of courtesy between the two Houses
and the other branch of the Government!
Such was the termination of the last Con-
gress; and I do say, sir, it was one of the
most disgraceful scenes I ever witnessed; it
was unbecomingly barbarous and savage,
much more the representatives of a civilized
nation! Sleepy, tired, drunk.—

Mr. Blynus. Is the gentleman in order
when speaking thus of the last Congress?

Mr. Wise. I do not pretend to say, Mr.
Speaker, that all Congress was drunk, or
that one-half, one-third, or one-tenth of the
members were drunk! But I know that some
were drunk—that I was not of the number
—and so it was, that what with maneuvring,
being tired, opposed to some measures,
sleepy, drowsy and drunk, no quorum could
be had unless it had suited certain individuals!

Mr. Lane said he should like to hear the
names of those who were drunk.

Mr. Wise. The gentleman might feel un-
happy, sir, if I were to mention names.

I have now, sir, given you the facts upon
the journal; but there are other important
facts—facts unwritten, as well as facts writ-
ten. Out with them! Come! rise in your
high places all, here and elsewhere, and tell
the truth—the whole truth! Sir, it is said
that bill failed in the House. That is not
true. It failed before it got to the House
from the conference room! It dropped like
a spent ball before it got here—it dropped
near that door! Sir, there are two statements
about the matter; they may be conjectural;
I cannot vouch for them. I mean to put in
interrogatories. I put it to the gentleman (Mr.
C.) did not "busy body," whisper aught in
his ear as he was on his way to report to
the House? Did no one tempt him as he
passed, to strangle the bantling under his
care? Was there no magician near? No
d—l and his imps? And, if this may be de-
nied, I put it to the honorable chairman of
the committee of conference, (Mr. C.) if no
member of the committee received a billet-
doux after he resumed his seat? Did the
honorable chairman, after he left the confer-
ence room, not intend to make the report?
Did he not, after he returned to the House
with it, inform a gentleman from Tennessee,
(Mr. Forrester,) though it was then after 12
o'clock at night, that he intended to make a
report? Did he not sit down by a gentleman
from Ohio, (Mr. Whittlesey,) and give him
to understand, with the report on the desk
before him, that the report was to be made?
Why did that intention fail? What prevent-
ed? Sir, there were spirits haunting the
Capitol that "awful night"—there were
strange whisperings—chattering elf-ghosts,
as I am told, I did not see them—blue devils
and imps! Is it true, was there any dealing
with the "infernals" that night? Tell us, I
pray, tell us, and let the curse fall on the
aeromancers, not on the victims of the hor-
rid spell!

Mr. Cambreleng. I can tell you.

Mr. Wise. Ay, you can tell us, can you?
There is another more important fact, which
must come out. Out with it, say I. You,
Mr. Speaker, ay, you, sir, are deeply con-
cerned in that matter, deny it if you can.
Before I disclose the fact, I must premise
that I voted for the three millions amend-
ment. There were 109 yeas for it, the
name of John Quincy Adams first, and my
name last on the list of yeas. I was held to
a strict accountability for that vote by my
constituents, with whom I settled it as a

gentleman whom I now see (Mr. Tyler) can
attest, for I believe he heard my reasons and
my apologies before the people. Sir, I have
now to say, that, under the impressions of
that amendment at the time I gave that vote,
I would give the same vote again, with the
same information I then possessed. And
here, be it known, by the way, in justice to
the gentleman from New York, (Mr. C.) that
he did not notify me personally in that lobby.
I do not know that he notified the House. One
or two days before the 3d of March, I believe—

(Here Mr. C. said he notified the House
the day before, when he withdrew the resolu-
tion for contingent preparations for war.)

Mr. Wise. Of that I am not certain; but
the gentleman did notify me, personally, per-
haps the day before it was offered, that he
intended to offer that amendment, and asked
if I would vote for it. I replied that, without
reference to a state of war, for a peace es-
tablishment alone, I would vote for three
millions, for the purpose of putting
our Navy in respectable trim, and to repair
and complete our fortifications. But no one
notified me, no one informed me or the
House, in my hearing, that the President
recommended that additional appropriation,
or that it was in accordance even "with the
views of the Executive!" I had sufficient in-
formation of my own, without the views of
the Executive, to convince me of the neces-
sity of a large appropriation for means of na-
tional defence. I knew that our Navy and
fortifications were in a most lamentable and
disgraceful condition—disgraceful to a na-
tion like this, disgraceful to the Departments
which have their care and superintendence! I
knew that notwithstanding our commerce
floats and needs protection in every sea, not-
withstanding the Navy was a popular favor-
ite, notwithstanding more than sixty-five mil-
lions had been expended on our Navy since
the last war, we had but one ship of the line
in commission on the ocean! We have but
one now.

I knew that several new ships, which had
never been in service, were rotten and de-
cayed. I knew that some were rotten on
the stocks for want of care. I knew that
the naval architecture which has lately been
introduced by the Board of Navy commis-
sioners was a disgrace to the arts in this
country. I knew that to put crews on board
several of our sloops of war, the Warren,
Lexington and Natchez, for instance, was to
send them to prison-ships. That the vessels
could sail fast enough to overtake any thing
that could whip, and could not get out of the
way of any thing that could whip them. I
knew that the projectors were ashamed of
the experiment! I knew that immense sums
of money had been thrown into mud and
water upon certain "water-halls." I knew
that certain grand improvements upon our
guns, reducing their weight from that which
was standard of experience and science,
200 pounds of metal to the pound of ball—
the chimera of medium guns, had ruined, in
a great measure, our naval ordnance.

I got the report of the inspector of naval
ordnance into the House the very last night
of the session through my friend the Hon.
Wm. Cost Johnson, who made the report on
establishing a national foundry. The re-
port had been made to the Board of Navy
Commissioners for more than twelve months,
and had never been communicated to Con-
gress, because, I presume, it exposed some
of the chimeras of the Department, and
shows how the sixty-five millions have in
part been expended. From the report I
knew that about 750 of the guns of the
Navy were unfit for service, and they are now,
many of them, on board your vessels of war.
The men are afraid of them. I knew that
it would take from six to twelve months to
get our ships and vessels of war in ordinary
aloft. Concerning the War Department I
knew that scarcely one of the old fortifica-
tions which were left dilapidated by the last
war was in a state of repair. Witness the
facts exposed during the debate that very last
night of the session in relation to Fort Mc-
Henry, near Baltimore, and the works on the
Gulf of Mexico! I knew that notwithstanding
more than twenty-six millions had been ex-
pended on building, or rather on commencing
to build, fortifications since 1820, not
one scarcely of our new fortifications was
completed. I say "commencing to build,"
because the system has not been one of de-
fence, it has been one of electioneering to
scatter Government patronage! Instead of
completing those commenced before others
are begun, as many congressional districts
as possible are given a taste of the Treasury
pail, and the works begun and incomplete
are left to the necessary injury of delay, and
to the tender mercy of any enemy who may
choose to capture them. Your own forts
are now exactly in the condition either to be
blown up, or to be turned upon yourselves.
Witness Old Point Comfort and the Rip
Rap